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DEVOTED TO THE PROPAGANDA OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT



Champion of Religious and Political Liberty.

MRS. JOSEPHINE K. HENRY

(By Harriet M. Closs.)

The Editor has kindly requested me to write a sketch of Josephine K. Henry, but when I think of the wealth of work accomplished by her I am overwhelmed with the thought of not what to write, but what not to write.

Woman's Progress devotes 3,000 words to Mrs. Henry as a representative woman, and yet does her scant justice. Volumes have been written vaunting the life of men whose work is less valuable than hers, for platitudes flow easily from the pen for one who labors with the popular throng but expressions of appreciation are piteously scarce for the pioneer in unpopular work, and the flag of crimson flames on my face at the tear-compelling thought that my sister-women for whom she has toiled have silently, if not insolently accepted the sacrifices made for them.

Josephine Williamson seems to have been the Southern incarnation of Destiny. Born in Newport, Ky. her father a Virginian, her mother, Mary Kirby, of Leeds, England, she was reared in the home atmosphere of cultured accomplishments and independent thought, yet with the community surroundings of conventional conservatism and the latter naturally furnished the irritant of unjust restraint which developed our beloved comrade into the superb self-reliant champion of the oppressed.

During her early years while storing the mind with practical facts she did not neglect the aesthetic, for in addition to perfecting herself in instrumental and vocal music she did creditable work as a composer. I may also mention in this connection that she possesses the poetical spirit and during these later years she has paid tribute to our time in rhymes that sear and shame our system, but she declares that sentiment is a wasted energy when dealing with the desperately demoniac conditions about us.

In March 1868 Josephine Williamson was married to Captain William Henry of Versailles, Ky. Here she has since resided and here, about a year ago Captain Henry died. Grief has been an oft-time guest in the heart of Mrs. Henry. In 1891 the only son 23 years of age was cruelly crushed to death in a railroad wreck at Crete, Illinois, and times, and yet, she finds leisure to sympathize with the actors in the great tragedy of life, which is so often too intensely bitter for tears. As a field reformer Josephine K. Henry stands supreme—alone. Other women have courageously grappled single lines of work and gained much, and deserve credit, but property privilege, social inequality,

political intrigue, the disgraces of intemperance, the horrors of superstition, the terrors of the domestic dogmas which have made possible the economic dependence and sex enslavement of women—all have been assailed by our sister until the mountains of misery are beginning to diminish.

For over 20 years this indefatigable worker has been active in the political arena and with the aim always of securing consideration and a measure of justice for her suffering sisters. Her six year's fight in the Kentucky legislature to secure equal property rights for women was perhaps, her severest struggle. She wrote hundreds of articles for the press on property rights and the state was deluged with literature on the subject. Twenty thousand copies of one pamphlet alone being distributed. She spoke throughout the state and at every session of the Legislature for six long years. It was a weary work, but after seeing much of her private fortune melt away for the cause she championed, she was at last victorious, and Kentucky women, today, enjoy equal property rights with men through her effort.

We are told that "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," but women's ingratitude to women furnishes a full parallel, for years after when the writer became acquainted with Mrs. Henry and expressed appreciation of her work she said: "You are the first woman who has said a word of commendation."

For a number of years Mrs. Henry was auditor for the National Women's suffrage Association and spoke at the annual conventions in Washington, D. C., Atlanta, Ga. Grand Rapids, Mich. and many other places. She also served as Superintendent of Legislative and petition work for the Kentucky Women's Suffrage Association.

Eighteen years ago Josephine K. Henry was the candidate party for clerk of the Supreme Court of her State. In this campaign she was the first woman in the South to run for a State office. A few years later the same party nominated her for Superintendent of Public Instruction and later in the season the State Populist Convention proffered the same position on their ticket, which was a unique compliment.

Again she traversed the State making hundreds of speeches and we find her always in progressive paths always moving onward and away from the outworn and so-called sacred precedents—toward the humane actuality of "equal rights to all, special privileges to none."

The climax of her political career was

reached when she was named as a possibility for president of the United States, and the great dailies of the country consumed not only columns but pages in interviews and to the reproduction and discussion of the many creditable and concise recommendations by her for legislative procedure.

Mrs. Henry's political work has been prodigious. Her sustained courage nothing less than superb and her achievements stupendous, and while the work has been unusual for a woman, it entailed no actual animosity.

But harken to the howl of execration that arose when this pioneer for principle advanced still another step and attacked the mighty—monster—the religious superstition. The former not of affable toleration was dropped from discussion and when her javelin tipped with reason's point reached Jehovah's vital, a cry ascended from pulpit and people and press which drowned every plaudit that preceded it.

In seeking to secure equitable laws for her sisters, the champion of freedom had discovered that the subjection of Christian women throughout the centuries and their present degradation and economic dependence is due to Bible mandates and the administration of its precepts by the Priesthood, and though reviled by former friends and anathematized by religionists she calmly pursued the policy of exposing the inconsistencies and injustice of our Christian system.

In expressing herself on this point Mrs. Henry says: "I pride myself more in my Freethought work than all else I have tried to do." And she has accomplished much. Speaking at National and State Conventions, contributing to the numerous Freethought publications in the United States, Canada and England. Her name appended to an article decides the editor as to its worth. She is the only woman who appears in "Facts Worth Knowing," a pamphlet which has reached a circulation of 200,000. Her contribution in Elizabeth Cady Stanton's innovation—The Woman's Bible was highly commended by Mrs. Stanton who coincided with her estimate of Bible responsibility for wrong.

Mrs. Henry was one of the chief champions of Editor Charles C. Moore during his persecution by the uncompromising Christian enthusiasts and also a substantial supporter of the Blue Grass Blade and for many years almost a constant contributor.

For propaganda work this prolific writer has had published the pamphlets—Property Rights of Kentucky Women, Women and Christianity, Woman and the Bible, and Marriage and Divorce, all of which should be read and studied by credulous Christians.

Mrs. Henry has held office in the various Free Thought organizations and is now President of the American Freethought Association. Nor the least of her work as a

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HUMAN ECCENTRICITIES

Term Applied Only To The Foibles of So-called Men of Genius, But Called Insanity in Others.

(By M. Grier Kidder.)

No one knows where eccentricity ends and insanity begins, any more than where monkey stops and man starts; there is nothing abrupt in nature; nothing jerky about evolution. None of us think ourselves lacking in mentality, though several own to a few idiosyncrasies of genius. Everybody seems too busy diagnosing everybody else's mental symptoms to spare judgment for his own. Strangers are crazy; friends, peculiar; ourselves, original. We laugh at strange actions till greatness follows, then ape them; scoff at the insanities of mediocrity, worship the eccentricities of greatness.

Genius is rarely affected; the artificial belongs to the shallow; the natural, to the profound. The eccentricities of the great are generally due to the fact that few great men have time to be conventional. I hope this explains my indifference to some details. From ordinary folks nothing heterodox is tolerated and pronounced individuality in the average man in social sacrilege. Nobody can afford to be a crank unless he be reinforced with prestige. I know of no more pitiful object than an unrecognized genius trying to teach a community something he doesn't want to learn. Websters are absent minded; the rest of us, forgetful. Webster once consulted his watch to see if he had time to go home to get it. If a "nigger" displayed so much preoccupation, he would be called a lunatic. Which goes to prove that an ignorant man's reputation, like a poor man's or a woman's, is a very delicate thing.

The great Dr. Johnson couldn't pass a fence without touching every tenth picket with his cane. Stonewall Jackson thought one of his legs was getting shorter than the other. Both of these gentlemen could have been cured with Christian Science. So when your intellectual grandeur finds relaxation in tallying fence pickets or making a dinky pull your leg to counteract its fancied shrinkage, without risking your reputation for sanity, you are great. But first achieve the sense that breeds the non-sense. Don't, like too many of us, turn dam fool to advertise your wisdom.

The mind below mediocrity has no more patience with the mediocre mind than the mediocrity. We as naturally consider what is mentally below stupidity as what is mentally above us extravagance. The laborer can't believe that professional men work.

To him, there is no exertion unmarried to a shovel; nothing arduous divorced from a pick axe; nothing productive, unplanted in dirt and watered with sweat. Don't the Socialists tell us "the working man produces the wealth." Of what use is the engineer, doesn't the engineer do the work? That the brain can be harnessed to achieve the real, the mind geared up to produce the substantial is beyond the faith of those who believe what they imagine and doubt what others think.

So it is with those of average intelligence who see brutality in the great unwashed who grovel beneath them and insanity in the genius whose originality invites him to soar above them rather than to crawl with the mob or walk with the crowd. I don't claim that eccentricity is an unfallible sign of genius, the lunatic asylum, the Scheme of Salvation and the Socialist party would refute that. Two-thirds of the eccentricities are born of affectation married to self conceit. Every great man or woman is ever duplicated in some mad house. No body ever did anything extraordinary who wasn't aped by extraordinary fools. When Lord Salisbury once visited an insane asylum, the attendant glanced at his card and said: "You will have to wait for a vacancy. We are over stocked with Lord Salisburys." Joanna Southcote said she was to be the second mother of Christ, who, when you think of all the Virgin Mary emulators, seems to atone by his surplus mothers for his lack of father. Delusion is nothing but over grown eccentricity. A fool imitates the unconscious absurdities of the wise because it is his only way of appearing wise. Sometimes his imitation condenses into a specialty and, by the way it takes a mighty smart specialist to keep sane. When you meet a man in whom wish fathers belief or hope begets expectation, watch him. Variety is the spice of mind as well as of life. Specialties are prone to grow into runaway hobbies and run away hobbies generally head for congenial company.

Thousands outside of Bedlam ape the peculiarities of their mental betters; natural asses exploiting artificial assinity. I know a man who thinks he looks like Napoleon because his head resembles a prize pumpkin in size as much as it does an exhausted receiver in other details. This hydrocephalic polywog, like Lord Thurlow, "looks wiser than any man can be." He simply out-Napoleons Napoleon in his posings and escapes free board in a lunatic asylum, solely on account of his appetite." Then there is my friend C. who persists in digging me in the ribs with

his elbow to punctuate his remarks; every punctuation feeling like an exclamation point made with a pick axe. I wish C. would quit that. He can't understand that his intercostal tattoo instead of inviting my attention to what he says; anchors it to what he does. I am not his special prey. Several other estimable citizens have been seriously impaired. Yet a kinder husband and father than this perambulating pile driver, does not walk upon the earth. If this were not so I should have killed him long ere this.

Did you ever offer a chair to any one who did not move it before sitting in it? This comes natural to a man before sitting down, as turning round to a dog before lying down. The dog turns round because his wild ancestors turned round to crush down the grass. The origin of this chair moving must have been the shaking of a bush by our unpanted progenitors who naturally objected to sitting on a harnets nest or a snake. To test my theory, try to sit down on a bush without your pants on before investigating your seat. You can't do it; you feel instinctively there is too much at stake. A man never feels so hypothetical as when he sits down suddenly on something foreign without his pants. Pants, like health, can't be appreciated till you have none.

When a man looks at his watch and returns it to his pocket, instantly ask him for the time. He can't tell you without looking at it again. Delay your question for a minute and he can; but while the mind is absorbing the knowledge the question seems to efface it from the memory. The greater the mind, the greater the neglect of non-essential details. "Great men write bad hands" is a maxim. How, many bookkeepers write bad hands? About as many as get above book-keeping. There is little in a tread mill to inspire originality. Did you ever see an eccentric bookkeeper? The nearest I ever knew one to get to eccentricity was an expert accountant who went to church and never got drunk.

Many of these peculiarities are perhaps, "rudimentary echoes" of normal actions. It seems impossible to escape wholly from what was once an essential and ancestral characteristic. They are of no practical use, but, like the vermiform appendix, aborted ear wagging muscles and silent letters in orthography, linger as a memory of what was formerly functional. The Empress Marie Louise could flap her ears, so can I, so can another individual. In us three the gift seems to be derived from ancestors without environment modifications. I presume, therefore, that transcending mentality is not essential to the generating and fostering of this peculiarity. It appears to be an abnormal trait in which an ignorant can indulge without exposing himself to the charge of affectation or presumptuous emulation.

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THE ABRAHAMIC PROMISE

Question Propound to Bibilogists As To The Earliest known Date Concerning The Special Promise.

(By A. A. Snow.)

Prior to Josephus' time there were four distinct copies of the Bible then consisting of the Old Testament alone. These copies differed from each other and in some points quite materially. They consisted in, 1. The Masorete or that held at Jerusalem. 2. The Samaritan consisting of the Five Books of Moses only. Israel having divided the Samaritans had their Bible separate from that at Jerusalem. 3. The Septuagint, a Greek copy translated from earlier productions about 280 B. C. for the Egyptian library at Alexandria. And 4. The copy from which Josephus made his quotations which was different from the others as is shown by Wm. Whiston in his appendix to Josephus; and he devotes 18 pages in his Dissertation IV. in citations and proofs of this fact which he states in these words;—"That the copy of the books of the Old Testament laid up in Herod's temple, and thence used by Josephus, the Jewish historian, in his Antiquities, was no other than that most ancient collection or library made by Nehemiah, in the days of Artaxerxes, the son of Xerxes; and was free from the several additions and alterations made afterwards in the other copies which are now extant."

Now Josephus in his Antiquities mentioning the Abramic promise never refers to that part of it that promises to bless all nations in the seed of Abraham which our Christian friends so much rely upon as a promise of a Christ that was to be born of the seed of Abraham. He just mentions that part which is a promise to the Jews and there stops as if there was not a word said of a blessing to any body else. Why does he do that? Does he think his readers would not be concerned in the offer of a blessing to the Gentiles? Surely not for it was Gentiles that he was writing to; and that for the purpose of removing any prejudice from the Jewish religion. A promise concerning them would be the first thing he would want to name. What then? It seems to me plain that the latter part of the promise was not in the copy that Josephus quoted from which Whiston says was the most ancient and freest from alteration and interpolation; and that this promise in later copies was an interpolation. Now I take this position (and I find strong evidence to support it.) The Jews originally, or at a very early date, were polytheists but they had their favorite tribal god, while

other gods ruled other tribes. As they came to hate other tribes, being at war with them, they also hated their gods and first turned them into devils but finally into non-entities and they thus gradually become monotheists. Here they reached a new stage in their evolution. Their one god must have made the world and of course all men, hence he must have some concern for others than Jews. Some liberal minded Jewish priest having the entire possession of the sacred books found it not at all inconvenient to add a clause to the Abrahamic promise carrying out this idea; which finally grew into the notion of a Messiah who would have a message from this god to all mankind.

Now the question I wish to ask is this; "What is the earliest history we have of the Abrahamic promise to all nations?" It is in the Septuagint copy and probably in the Masorete; whether it was in the Samaritan I do not know. It might be quite ancient and still an interpolation. I asked this question in the Beacon but god no answer. But I think the question was so condensed that it was not well understood.

ABOUT TWO PREACHERS.

One Rev. Babcock Kicked Out Of The Pews And The Other Committed Suicide.

(By John F. Clarke.)

As long as Christians furnish me with good material for comment upon its consistency, I am happy. I am not responsible in any way for the peculiar didos that these fellows cut, but I am not sorry that they failed in their line, for I verily believe that the line is faulty and that most of them are too proud to alter even the line's shadow.

The first gentleman that I call to the bar of Reason, this week, is Rev. Babcock, Baptist, of Bayonne, N. J. Upon Sunday, Feb. 2nd, the day sacredly and superstitiously dedicated to the Ground Hog, this holy man got up in the meeting and told his "dearly beloved" that he was "meet for repentance" and would likely be meat for their dogs and cut before night. He has committed the unpardonable sin—actually denied the Bible as a book of Heavenly Inspiration. Turned up his priestly nose at the Immaculate Conception and felt amused at the Transfiguration. Figures may not lie put Transfiguration is the essence of misfit truth. "But much more the good man said, it almost makes me swear!"

He has been soundly converted to Mater-

ialism and realizes the deep wrong that he has inflicted upon his congregation, by telling them lies and fortifying them by: thus saith the Lord. Now, he wants to make reparation by telling them the truth for 2 years. I am anxious to learn how the congregation is going to act upon his case. Does this jar you, reader? Does it jar God? If He is built as Abe, Ike and Jake, Moses and Icaiah (Isaiah) and Peter and Paul (Saul), Esq., say he is built He will get a shock, all rightey.

Now, list to my tale of another Rev. Babcock. Rev. Maltie D. Babcock, Presbyterian, was the most attractive preacher in Baltimore. He had the bon ton monocle-eyed congregation. He was liberal in spots, like during the past year the mysterious but invincible force has visited her family four the tiger is gentle in other spots. The Rev. Maltie D. Babcock had the call with the reporters and he had the gall to keep up appearances of doing something, but no one could say that he ever did anything, but imitate the fellow in the tread-mill, as a Presbyterian. He lived well, he was a social lion. He talked, of course, and he was strong upon Anti-divorce and anti-suicide. He had the reputation of being an orator. He could open his head and beautiful things rolled out. He advocated living and acting as the Bible Heroes did, and set the pace by conforming as up-to-date civilization directs us to live. But it is not his living that I wish to refer to, it was his death. God made a cog slip in his brain and he went to Paris to have science repair the damage, but before he got under treatment he committed suicide.

Perhaps the Rev. Maltie D. Babcock, had a light strike him as his namesake, in Bayonne did. It may be that when he found out what a ninny he had been he was upset and had not the courage to confess his sins as the other fellow did. Now, in conclusion, I turn these two fellows out to the Blade readers to ponder upon, and when a local parson gets gay, tell him about the two Babcocks. I am very sorrow that the N. J. fellow profamed Ground Hog Day.

CORRECTION.

In H. Wettstein's reply to Mr. Davis in the Blade of Jan. 19th occurred the following sense-destroying misprints. For "rendering it to one half" read "reducing it to one half." For "have the reader under the impression" read "leave the reader under the impression." For "as though I or they had occasion." For "Whenever I or they had occasion." For "the term 'god' is not found among Scripture Proper Names as in Jehovah, Elohim, etc." read "as is Jehovah, etc."

Never has living man lifted the sombre veil of death and looked beyond.

THE LAST MAN

(By Joseph Rogers.)

The Parsee god has lost his heated breath;
The Arctic forces take his life away;
About his throne, the insignia of cold and death,
Has shadows cast as night o'ercomes the day.

The clouds no more the wants of harvest tend;
No vapor mounts to greet the waning light;
Organic life, betray'd, awaits the coming end,
The silent rule of Arctic's endless night.

The northern bear disports by Afric bays,
And paws the useless crowns of human might,
Perchance to mock a roving sprite that strays,
Distracted where it held a Caesar's right.

The mind of man to meet the deadly cold,
Devised means that gave his life a lease;
With chemicals he back the Arctic roll'd,
But Famine warr'd, and gave no truce of peace.

A man, the remnant of the human race,
Pictures expiring life's dejected mien;
The blasted hopes of nations dull his face,
As reason moulds his thoughts upon the scene.

"Where are the dead, the human dead?" he cries,
As if he means the ice fields to reply,
"And where the flaunted theory that implies,
That mind survives when things of matter die."

"No more men's minds direct the growth of life,
Or chain for use the Sampsons of the air;
The spirit world allays his wonted strife,
And flits, a shadow, from his native lair."

"The hopes that built the liberties of men,
And tore the purple from despotic Wrong,
No longer wells with praise the poet's pen;
Unfeeling Nature waits their funeral song."

"The acts that won the plaudits of a world
Emboss, unscen, the cities of the Dead;
No more are Ethics from the pulpits hurl'd,
To help the moral leper's timid tread."

"I hail the rays of Sol's expiring fires,
As Gods who lit the pathways for the Great;
Who moral ills consumed on funeral pyres,
And forged the laws that eased the human fate.

"Once mighty Sol! thy warmth evolved all life,
And gave to senseless matter conscious sight;
But now thou falls, the Arctic death is rife,
And plunges all in thoughtless solar night."

WANTED A MAN.)

By Walter A. Ratchliffe

Wanted a stalwart man!
The man who when he knows the Right,
The same pursues against all Might;
The man who dares to stand alone
For Conscience' sake when hope is gone
Who dares to leave a beaten path,
And live within the light he hath,
Nor shrinks to strike a deadly blow
At error found in friend or foe:
This is the stalwart man.

Wanted, an honest man!
A man may live within the laws,
Or 'scape their grasp through flimsy flaws,
But he who scorns an action mean,
Is honest where he is not seen,
Nor dare advance at other's cost,
Counts all ill-gotten wealth as lost,
Ne'er grudges each his fullest due,
Whose word as is his oath is true:
This is the honest man.

Wanted, a noble man!
Not one who from a favoured place
Claims kindred with a worn-out race;
Whose empty titles, ancient name,
Are all his wealth, and all his fame,
But one whose usefulness men see,
Though humble may his station be,
For such will bless on every hand
His friend, his home, his native land:
This is the noble man.

Wanted, the broader man!
Untrammelled by a narrow creed
That loves to make its doubters bleed;
The man who learns from nature's plan
That man should love his fellow-man;
The man whose soul so deep and true,
Embraces all as brothers, too;
The man whom none may buy with penit,
The man delivered from himself:
Such is the needed man.

LOOKING FORWARD.

The door is closed on past mistakes,
Not backward will we glance.
But forward go with firmer faith,
That will each day enhance.

We'll look with love on all mankind,
For all to us are kin;
We'll lend a hand to those who need,
And so have peace within.

IMMORTALITY.

A toy which people cry for,
And on their knees apply for,
Dispute, contend, and lie for,
And if allowed
Would be right proud
Eternally to die for.

—Ambrose Pierce.

Current Comment on Public Events

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Unintentionally, and probably without thought on the subject, prayer has been subjected to a rather severe test in the Commonwealth of Kentucky and as in all other tests, it failed. Could the anticipated result have followed the news would have been spread broadcast and Jehovah made one more tally on his stick.

The country knows that for the past six weeks all efforts to elect a United States Senator from Kentucky to succeed Hon. James B. McCreary, has failed, and that a deadlock has been hanging over the vote of the Joint Assembly. The democrats want to elect former Governor J. C. W. Beckham and the republicans desire the election of former Governor W. O. Bradley. Both are estimable gentlemen, as far as their respective political associations will admit, but as matters now stand neither can get elected. The republicans are in a slight minority and there are just enough belligerent democrats to prevent Governor Beckham from getting there. What the result of all this balloting will be no one seems willing to make a prediction but it has little to do with the issue we desire to touch upon. The fact remains that several weeks balloting has failed to elect, and as a court of last resort Senator Walker, of Covington, introduced a resolution in that chamber, that the Joint Assembly be opened with prayer for once, which, being carried, Rev. J. U. Brown, also of Covington, performed the ceremony.

Prayer attracts but very little attention in these practical days and when politicians resort thereto it is a sure sign that the situation has grown desperate. Rev. Brown prayed. He prayed that the Joint Assembly would agree upon a suitable man for the Senate. In other words he made an appeal to the throne of grace that god would touch the hearts of the legislators present and cause them to do something they had not done and showed no disposition to do. The outcome was that the press dispatches made the same old announcement of no election.

No better test could have been applied. It was a supreme moment and a United States Senatorship hung in the balance. Beckham stood on one side and Bradley on the other, each secretly hoping that if the petition was both heard and heeded it would be granted in their favor. The preacher made mention of no particular candidate, he simply expected results. The results were nil but one can readily imagine the breathless anxiety existing in the hearts of those two aspirants for the senatorial toga when they

found god almighty was being made a party to the struggle. Having the power to control, would he control, and upon which side would he throw his influence. The awful moment came when the balloting commenced. It passed. The agony was over. God had not interfered. Beckham breathed easier and Bradley is reported to have eaten a big dinner immediately following. Different results might have followed had the preacher injected a little ginger in his prayer, or, can it be possible that god did not want either of the candidates in the Senate and refused to show his hand in the contest? In any event the prayer failed and Rev. Brown ought to feel cheap over what he prayed for and didn't get.

ON WITH THE DANCE.

Wait until trouble meets you on your own doorstep and you can better appreciate what others have had to wrestle with. Liberal journals have written, from time to time, concerning the religious busybodies in other sections of the country, combining for the purpose of forcing their quack nostrums upon the body social and politic, and the Blade has joined in the throng of disputants and commentators. It now happens that we are to have a fight along similar lines right here in Lexington and while the Blade expects to assume a part in it, as far as it is capable of so-doing, we hope for victory.

According to announcement there are three preachers in this city who aspire to give us the indigo Sunday about which Mrs. Henry so forcefully wrote. These are Rev. I. J. Spencer, Rev. Charles Lee Reynolds and Rev. E. B. G. Mann. We believe they all belong to that Campbellite denomination which has such a reputation for meddling with other people's business. In any event, they, with the aid of Secretary Tom Johnson of the local Y. M. C. A., expect to start a crusade having for its object, according to the announcement made, to close up every attraction that has been in the habit of opening on Sunday, including the grocery stores.

It is well that both sides now understand each other, but for information, Lexington has a number of moving picture shows which have been giving religious attractions on Sunday. The Passion Play, taken from Oberammergau, with the singing of the Palms, by Sullivan, and the Holy City, have constituted these attractions. Nothing more orthodox could be desired but the public were expected to chip in a dime, or fifteen cents, the price of admission, in order to see these things. As a rule they have been well pa-

tronized, and this has aroused the envy and jealousy of the preachers. These dimes must go into the church. The only way to catch even a few of them is to close up these places of amusement. They constitute a rival business concern to the church and the church must have the money, to hell with the people. Appeals have been made to the Mayor, but that official being a practical man, as well as a religious man, objects to the interference so long as these places of amusement are shut out from public view and do not constitute a nuisance within the meaning of the law. Receiving cold comfort the preachers now resolve on war. If we are to have it, let it come, and the sooner the better for the end of it will be defeat for the churches and with that defeat a more open town on Sunday will follow. Orthodox repression cannot last long. When the people wake up to the situation the church will be down and out.

Imagine three men of the variety named seeking to control, rule, govern and dictate to the people. If the people did not want these attractions they would refuse to patronize them. The very fact they are well and liberally patronized, while numberless vacant seats appear in the churches is prima facie evidence that the people desire these amusements more than they desire the church. Reynolds and Mann are practically newcomers in Lexington. They have no property interests and being itinerants they have no regard for the material welfare of the people. Spencer does own property but his desire to be "heard from" has led him into coinciding with the other two. Secretary Johnson has his salary to earn but let him seek to force this blue Sunday on the city and he will find his institution losing in membership. Take warning, gentlemen. Lexington does not fear the issue and when it is all over, the church had best look out for itself.

WHY IS IT SO?

One can readily understand that as between politics and religion the grand, old Commonwealth of Kentucky, the Blue Grass State, known far and wide and whose praises are sung in all lands, is in something hotter than tepid water, but the Blade has a supreme confidence in the liberality of her people to prevent any such disaster befalling. Why is it that men will seek to foist personal feeling upon communities? Is not the welfare of the majority of a higher consideration than the personal aggrandizement of the few? Because a man has been put in a pulpit that does not imply any undue authority reposed in his hands. Because a man has been elected to public office it does not mean that the people are subject unto him and his personal whims. Cruel religious systems both maim and poison human life. Tyrant political systems breed anarchy and revolution. Men cannot think or breathe, work nor love at their best because of the accursed, contemptible

conventionalities by which preachers and politicians would surround them. Humanity cannot be happy while entangled in the meshes of superstition and prejudice wherein they wallow and trample upon each other. To be free we must cut the net and get loose. Men and women are of higher consideration than priests or politicians, or both. But why should this be so? In a few years and we shall be with the flowers of last summer, with last winter's snows. We are forced to fight for the husks and shells while the beautiful pageantry of Nature passes us almost unheeded. The fruits of knowledge fall unplucked and remain ungathered. The true glory of manhood and womanhood fades above our very heads, and fools wrangle over the petty tyrannies they would impose upon mankind to gratify a sordid and selfish ambition. Change it, my brothers and sisters. The power lies in your hands. Work while ye have yet the strength. Remain idle and the opportunity may soon be gone.

WORKING IN HARNESS.

Rum and religion play well their part and, working in concert, are apt to run to mischief. Rum and religion, with Romanism added to the combination, cost James G. Blaine the presidency in 1884, but what it is expected to do for Oklahoma, with Romanism left out, isn't a corker compared with previous efforts. If Oklahoma could get rid of religion she might be induced to make a personal sacrifice of the other, but if religion be kept, maintained, tolerated and given half a chance, rum becomes indispensable as a counter-irritant.

We are reliably informed that one J. W. S. Pigler, of Frederick, in the new state, is a very religious man, confessing himself to be a Christian, and that his extreme piety has led him to apply for the official position as Dispenser of Liquors in Tillman County. His sole claim to the office is based upon the fact of his being a Christian. He argues that he believes it would be better for the community to have a Christian performing the duties of handing out liquor to thirsty individuals, than to have a non-Christian. Of course, Mr. Pigler does not propose to confer the valuable service for nothing. He does not propose to serve without the salary attachment, and until he does, he must not expect that his plea will be taken as sincere. But why should it be essential that the job go to a Christian? Does Mr. Pigler possess a greater knowledge and a wider experience of the flavor and effect of the different brands of cornjuice than a non-Christian would have? If that is true he ought not to remain in the "wild and woolly West" for here, in old Kentucky, where men bottle the dews that fall upon the mountain tops there would be abundant demand for his services and we would advise him to come hither. Kentucky needs just such a man. Oklahoma doesn't. Upon the theory, however, that liquor produces

drunkenness, and drunkenness being a sin against god and the penalty so severe, how would Mr. Pigler dare to face St. Peter after a few years experience in such an office. Does it not look as if the Christian plea is a monstrous fake, used only for effect, and that the job with the pay is the sole desideratum irrespective of the consequences?

THERE WERE GIANTS, ETC.

Among the mystic suggestions contained in the old testament is that which intimates that during biblical days there were giants in the land, meaning, by the term land, the particular portion of the earth's surface upon which the patriarchs and prophets lived and worked and died. The story of Jack the Giantkiller and its companion tale of Jack and the Beanstalk, in both of which giants of immense stature cut considerable of a figure, constitute a charm and delight to the infantile mind and we are justified in the assumption that the biblical declaration of giants being in the land was made for the sake of the impressions it would create on the minds of a people in a state of mental infancy. Men and women of great physical strength, of rugged mold, combined with great intellect might be desirable upon the condition that their strength and knowledge would be put to some use, but the general impression created by the supposition of giants is that they make eternal warfare upon the ordinary mortal and oft indulge in cannibalistic orgies. Under such conditions the giants would be neither desirable or desired. Some minds seem to turn towards giantism. We have it announced that a former anarchistic exponent has established a colony in New Mexico for the production of men and women of gigantic stature. Pre-natal influences for the control of sex are being studied and even hypnotism is being resorted to in order to control sex production through pre-natalism. Dr. Gustav A. Gayer, of New York announces the successful experiment of bringing a male into the world whereas the mother desired a daughter. His method was hypnotism. Pre-natal influences were well understood by the ancients and we find that even among the bible stories a glimmering appears of what could be produced by extraneous impressions being made upon the female mind during pregnancy. We are told that Jacob cheated his uncle, Laban, out of a quantity of cattle by placing sticks and stones in the bottom of the drinking trough in order that an over-abundance of striped or mottled cattle might be produced and the records state that Jacob was eminently successful. Aside from the Jew-like notion of using deceit as a means to profit the story offers a useful study.

The latest to come forward with a pre-natal fad is one Irving G. Emerick, of St. Louis, who claims to be the father of innumerable progeny, but through a revelation from god he is able to control the production of sex. In support of his theory he claims to have

made a successful prediction of the sex of each of his ten children some months before they were born. He calls it a special endowment from god and has put his ideas in book form which is said to find a ready sale. Of course the profits are to go to the author and it is not made to appear that god is to get a divvy. The man's tale about the prediction may be true but we all know that his claims for god influences are a fake. Still, credulous folks will bite at the scheme and it may happen in the course of a few months Mr. Emerick may not be compelled to ring up fares on a St. Louis street car for a living.

SCORE ONE FOR ITALY.

When Thomas Paine wrote the Age of Reason he dedicated it to the whole of the American people and there were but few who treasured that priceless heritage. Literary failures, those who write for gold and find it not have resorted to divine dedication and expected to reap a rich harvest. Word comes from Italy that Gabriele D'Annunzio, has dedicated a new drama to the Lord of the Universe and under this sort of protection he hopes to make it a go. Judging from a description of its principal features it could not have been dedicated to a better cause. It is a feast of crime, if one may indulge in such a description, for in it scores of girls are shot to death and human beings are thrown, nude, to wild beasts, offering a veritable saturnalia of blood.

Under such circumstances the dedication is appropriate and when the play is presented to the public the Lord may look on with rapture and delight and allow his mind to go back to the time when he ordered the thousands of Midianitish women and children to be butchered and caused the maidens to be saved alive in order to afford his priests an opportunity to satisfy their lust. The wild animal scene may recall the she bears that came out of the woods and ate up forty little children just for having a little innocent fun with a bald-headed prophet. Should the new play be capable of presenting every known crime in the catalogue the personage to whom it is dedicated can find a parallel therefor in his own records, said to be divinely inspired. Nothing could have been more appropriate and one would infer that the author had one eye to business when he made the dedication and another on the fine irony contained in the dedication. The author is accredited with being a literary failure and we may be justified in assuming that his dedication of this new play was designed for profit. It may succeed. To connect deity with crime is calculated to bring in the cash. The moral to be pointed is that for any useful, beneficent production to be dedicated to the people, like the Age of Reason, brings only condemnation from the orthodox. Portray crime and connect deity with it and you strike a popular chord among the ultra-pious.

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GOD AND HUMANITY.

"We love him because he first loved us."

The revivalists' plea, the preacher's platitude, the hope of heaven, the sinner's salvation, and the church collection, all are built upon such an equivocal declaration.

Ask any orthodox Christian, or any preacher; ask any congregation or appeal to any synod, why they should deem it necessary for man to bestow even a pretended love upon an imaginary being, and their answer, uniformly, will be,—

"We must love him because he first loved us."

The presentation of such a plea affords an opportunity for debate in that man's love to god, real or assumed, is based upon the supposition that god first loved man. If this be true the investigating mind can turn to social conditions, to natural phenomena, to history and fact and by the exercise of very little reason the extent of god's love toward man may be accurately measured and determined.

"We must love him because he first loved us."

But in what way does god show his love for man?

Is it by bringing man, as alleged, into a world of woe and want, with more of pain than genuine pleasure?

Is god's love manifested by placing favored ones in authority over others of his creatures who rule with tyrant hand?

May god's love be found by the infliction upon mankind of religions and political systems fraught with envy, greed and a supreme selfishness which breeds murder in the blood and lust in the heart?

It is no answer to say that these things are human inventions and creations wrought contrary to god's will because if there be a god he is just as responsible for the conditions as he is for those who created them. Assuming god he could have prevented these conditions but did not and this would infer malice and indifference. Even a god has no right to thrust conditions upon his own creatures which he would object to facing himself. Nothing the gods can make could be too good for man but the long night of human history, with its plague and pestilence, its war and famine, its corruption and crime, all enacted and wrought in the name of religion and through it, argues but very little love of god for man and if man's love to god is to be based upon such a claim then god is not entitled to even a feeling of decent respect or toleration, much less our love.

As the assumed author of nature the Christian can find no argument to justify such a proceeding. Organic life is but one vast slaughter house in which the strong prey upon the weak. Each successful organism standing upon the corpse of his weaker antagonist is able to climb up another step in the great ladder of progress. Man preys upon his fellow man. Life, to many, is a game of grab or get left. The successful man is he who can grab the most. From these inequalities are produced. The higher some climb in the social scale the lower his fellows are thrust backward. If this is god's plan then we are justified in denouncing him as a cruel, inhuman monster, who regards humanity, men and women, aye, and even little children, as mere puppets for his amusement and uses them to satisfy a grim, sardonic humor.

The universe fails to reveal the existence of a wise, beneficent, sentient power that is capable of making the slightest manifestations of love to the sentient beings of earth. It is not to

be found in theology for the entire system is but a hideous dream, a long and terrible nightmare imposed upon the race by unscrupulous men. Love begets love, just as kindness will beget kindness, and the constant repetition of this claim of a love from god is used for the soul purpose of inculcating a love for the preachers who pretend to represent god. Humanity is natural. God is supernatural. We can only know and appreciate the natural. The love of god, if god there be, must be beyond the comprehension of men and women and yet they are requested to give a real, positive and substantial love for a mere shadow, an insubstantial something which they can neither know or comprehend. The civil law requires a good consideration to make a contract valid and binding. In other words there must be a consideration passing from one to another of the contracting parties. The love of god offered by the preachers in consideration for the love of man is too indefinite and ambiguous to admit of man entertaining the slightest thought of love in return therefor.

"We love him because he first loved us."

The statement is untrue and there is not a preacher in the land who does not know that to be a fact. Then just so long as they continue to preach such a doctrine so long will hypocrisy be connected with the church and its propaganda.

Man needs and demands the love of man. If there is a god he neither needs it or is dependent upon it. If this love of god could be diverted into more human channels many of the glaring inequalities and social injustices would speedily disappear. More beneficent laws would be enacted. Human life would become purer and happier. The church scheme has ever been to divert human love and affection in the wrong channel. The work of Freethought is to return those virtues where they belong.

Friends! we cannot get all the letters we receive into the Blade's correspondence column. The showers of congratulations that have poured in upon us necessitates the pruning knife which in this case is the editor's blue pencil, and if you find your contribution somewhat shortened, don't send in a kick.

Our advice to Rev. Babcock is to go out unto the world and tell the truth as he has learned it even if he has to shame the orthodox devils in doing so.

FOR A PAINE CENTENNIAL.

"Come let us reason together."

The advice said to have been given by Paul is appropriate for the occasion suggested by the caption of this article.

If there could be aught capable of bringing the Freethinkers of America together in one monster gathering, some deep sentiment that would touch and enthuse the hearts of all liberal minded men and women, it is in connection with the name and memory of Thomas Paine.

Next year, or more accurately stated, in 1909 will come the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of that great revolutionary patriot and it is now proposed that the Freethinkers of America gather en masse to commemorate that event.

Such a movement must not be undertaken unless it can be attended with that degree of perfect success it so richly deserves. To achieve that success the labor of preparing therefor must begin now. If put off until a later date the event may not prove sufficiently auspicious to make the desired impression upon the public mind. If ever delay was a dangerous factor in a given undertaking, it will appear to be so in the present movement.

In another column of this issue will be found a communication from James B. Elliott, of Philadelphia, secretary of the Paine Memorial and Historical Association, which contains the suggestion that such a centennial be held and the Blade would direct special attention thereto as being of the utmost importance to Freethought. That Thomas Paine did enough for America, for her people, and for both religious and political liberty goes without question and it is fitting that the movement to arrange a centennial memorial to his name receive the unqualified endorsement of all classes of people, irrespective of individual opinion, especially those who appreciate the value of the services rendered by Paine.

Without the slightest hesitation the Blade will extend the use of its columns to further such an enterprise and it urges a hearty co-operation upon the part of all Freethought and liberal publications in the country. It is a platform upon which all can stand, and the Paine banner is broad enough to embrace all within its protecting folds. There should be no great effort necessary to secure the one thousand members asked for. The united support of all can be tendered to such a movement. If the opportunity is per-

mitted to pass without some sort of public demonstration of the character suggested, it will not occur again for another century and we may live to regret any neglect at our hands.

First, let a general committee be selected by the Paine Memorial Association its own directors, or executive officers composing an important part thereof. That committee could then organize itself and elect, or appoint, its working officers, its finance committees, and program arrangements provided for. The general committee could then agree upon a time and place for holding such a meeting and as soon as the program can be prepared, let it be given as wide a publication as possible. In the meantime no Liberal publication would deny the use of its columns to promote the Memorial meeting and thus take an active part in the propaganda work leading up to the desired end. With all the Freethought forces united on such a plan there can be no doubt of the success of the undertaking.

Freethinkers! Now is the time to get together. Send in your names to Secretary Elliott as members of the Association. Note his reference to the South and the extreme paucity of members from the Southern States. Come, friends, the south is liberal in her general trend. The South can boast a fair proportion of liberal minded people in every state. Let us not stand aloof at such a season and a deaf ear given to such an appeal.

Do you love the memory of Thomas Paine?

Then honor yourselves by honoring him.

Find strength and encouragement from his splendid life and his heroic efforts in behalf of human liberty. He struck the hardest blows at both priestcraft and kingcraft of the eighteenth century. To him we owe considerable of the religious and political freedom we now enjoy. But for him American Independence might still be a dream and like Canada we might yet be yoked to the political power of Great Britain.

For the purpose of this appeal to American Freethinkers it is not necessary to exploit his life's great achievements. That has been recently done by others. While the thrill of patriotism and love is still coursing in the blood, take heed of what is intended and get your names upon the muster roll of liberty's army.

Write to Secretary Elliott. Give him your name and a promise of what you may be able to contribute to such a cause. At the close of the meeting

let a full report be made and given all due publicity and in this way we can bestow this mark of esteem to the memory of him who said,—

"Where liberty is not, there is my country."

THE GIFT OF TONGUES.

Under the captious title of "Tongue-deluded missionaries" one, S. C. Todd, a returning missionary from the Chinese empire, denounces many of his co-laborers who have ventured into the Orient at other people's expense under the assumption, or belief, that they had been divinely favored with a "gift of tongues" which enabled them to start right in and preach the gospel to the heathen Chinese in their native language without any study thereof or any effort to learn it. This "gift of tongues" is now exposed as a delusion and a snare, so that it is made to resemble the religious impulse in all its various aspects. Many believe they have it when they have not. Many profess to believe they have it when they know full well they have not.

Answer is made that Todd is anxious to restrict the missionary effort and support to a favored few. In other words, it is charged that he simply desires to establish an exclusive set of missionaries and that none other should receive mission funds from home to carry on the work. In any event he is especially severe on the "gift of tongue" claims and when he exposes the fallacies existing in such claims he is but undermining the main props of Christianity for it is especially taught that they shall go out and preach the gospel and that the Holy Ghost will supply them with the power to preach with "new tongues."

It is probable that Mr. Todd places but little faith in the new testament doctrine concerning this "new tongue" power and it is certain that from the experiences he relates he has no belief whatever in the attempt to practice it for he reports them all to be the most abject failures.

Success is measured by what one does, not by what is promised. Political parties live altogether on promises. The value of Freethought arises from the work it has done in the emancipation of the human mind. It has broken the mental fetters removed the shackles, and this is what is known as success.

The Blade is gratified with the reception it is now receiving. Don't allow the good work to flag.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

God the father, god the son and god the holy ghost, blessed trinity, three in one and one in three.

We have seen them all.

On a recent Sunday the editor of the Blade witnessed a reproduction of what is known as the passion play at a moving picture show and for crass materialism, a religious scheme built upon absurdity and barbaric conception, we were furnished with an abundance of evidence. Every feature connected with the entertainment pointed most conclusively to the fact that Ingersoll spoke a truth when he said that an "honest god was the nobles' work of man." This implies that all gods are man made products and must be material beings.

God the father was represented as an old man, almost decrepit with age, having a long, flowing white beard, long white hair and wearing a blue, loose gown. God the son we saw grow up from infancy to mature manhood in the space of a few minutes, raise the dead, heal the sick, and then got killed himself. God the holy ghost, which is reported as descending like a dove, appeared to resemble a bat, or an owl, more than a dove, and taken altogether the play, as presented, should be enough to fill every spectator with a wholesome and lasting disgust for everything connected with the name of Christianity or the system of religion that passes under its sanction. The whole proceeding appeared in the nature of a pantomime and was sufficient to impress the thought that the alleged incidents in Nazareth, Jerusalem, and on the Galilean lakes, are mere fictions of ignorance, born in the brain of scheming stupidity.

When one considers the fact that the presentation of the play was given with a view of pandering to a depraved and superstitious taste, of catering to what is generally supposed to be the popular opinion concerning religion, the wonder becomes more intense why such a performance should not cast discredit upon the entire system. The artificial posings of men and women, the grand stand plays, the wonderful climaxes of farce and tragedy, the heedless shedding of blood, the schemes, plots and intrigues, the frauds and deceptions, all portrayed creates disgust instead of approbation and the cause of humanity is neglected by a pandering to such morbid tastes. On the other hand, if there be aught in the religious sentiment, it is not materially aided by such productions.

What impressed us most was the representation of heaven, and admit-

tedly the Christian concept. In the center of the scene appeared a table. At one end sat the old man-like being that stood for god the father. About the table, at either end stood a group of beings, men, women and children carrying harps, horns and trumpets, upon which they were supposed to be playing. At the immediate end of the table, to the left, stood a vacant shair. When the ascension took place, Jesus, in the body, got inside a cloud circle and rose upward until he landed on terra firma, above, and immediately took the vacant seat. The bat, supposed to represent the holy ghost, roosted on the table, and immediately we thought of Poe's Raven. Even such a barbaric conception of the life to come, more crude than the happy hunting grounds of the American Indian, excited contempt instead of sympathy and at once the idea arose that men and women must be mentally unbalanced to accept and believe in such a scheme of things.

If that is heaven we do not hesitate to say, right now, that we don't want it. If there is a seat held in reserve for our use we surrender all claim upon it. If that is the manner in which we are expected to spend eternity on account of orthodox Christianity we decline the invitation. Rather, yea, a thousand times rather, the ever dreamless sleep of an eternal non-existence, than a participant in such a monstrous farce.

And yet, this is religion. Every system that has enumbered the earth with its presence point to such an ultimate for mankind. It is unworthy the efforts insisted upon to attain it. The game is not worth the candle. If we are ever to enjoy heaven, real or fancied, let it be here while our loved ones are with us, while we know them as they are and can realize the blessed happiness they can bring.

NO NEED FOR A CRUTCH.

"Christianity is the divine crutch of humanity."

The above statement is attributed to Rev. I. J. Spencer, pastor of the Central Christian Church, of Lexington, being a portion of a printed report of a sermon delivered by him. The report consisted of about two columns of reading matter and owing to its length it is fair to assume that it was prepared by Mr. Spencer, himself, and by him delivered to the press for publication. Under such conditions the Blade is willing to accept the quotation as authentic.

"Christianity is the divine crutch of humanity."

The idea is fatal to the religious

concept. It supposes humanity to consist of an aggregation of mental and moral cripples to whom a support of some kind is absolutely necessary, that support being furnished by the preachers who are so superior that they can get along without it. When it comes to mental and moral strength human giants are to be found on the outside of the churches, removed from its infirmity, and free from the repressive gloom of orthodoxy, while the weaklings are in the pews ready to listen to and accept just such erroneous notions as the one presented above.

There can be no question of the fact that the dogmatic assumptions of the clergy, of all denominations, has been a feared mother of doubt. By assuming to know too much of the private plans of the deity, by pretending to have special means of communication with him, by demanding too abject an obedience to church fiat, by attempting to stifle honest inquiry and to seal the lips of living scholars with the dicta of dead scholastics, by standing ever ready to brand as blasphemers all who presume to differ or dare to question, the clergy have driven thousands of honest men and women from the churches, induced independent thought, and from these faults have grown the great army of Liberals. This army is more stupendous than the church is willing to admit, and it must now take particular notice that not every man and woman who differs and disagrees proclaims it from the house-tops. Even with many church people, policy is the distinguishing characteristic of the age.

"Christianity is the divine crutch of humanity."

Then it becomes the bounden duty of all Freethinkers to demonstrate to humanity that it has no further need for such a support. Men and women who know and practice self-reliance are able to realize how weak such a claim can be. Few doubters there are who may yield a passive assent to the prevalent orthodoxy, but such doctrines from a modern pulpit are apt to compel even the earnest believer to enact the role of Peter under compulsion. It is a well known truth that a depraved appetite, whether mental or physical, seeks ever a stronger stimulant, and the depravity arising out of such a moribund view of human life, renders some sort of a stimulant necessary to the mentally weak, but these are not to be classified under the generic term of humanity. Such men as Rev. Spencer continue to devote their energies to the propagation of a religious system, which Reason, that pitiless monarch of the mind, tells us

must inevitably pass as did those of Isis and Bel, leaving in the earth's all-absorbing bosom only a few shattered altars and broken fanes. The churchmen rant and pray and encourage that system which divides humanity into classes industrial and sets social, giving Pride free rein to vaunt herself, well knowing that the hour will surely come when science aye, or the deity they so humbly worship, will be unable to distinguish between the prince's ashes and the pauper's dust.

"Christianity is the divine crutch of humanity."

Then is it not meet that we throw away the crutch and learn to stand erect in the glory of intellectual manhood and womanhood? The old copy book told us that "knowledge is power" but the knowledge that human labor is the creator of all wealth has not enabled the laborer to help himself out of the hole into which such teachings have placed him.

Christianity and humanity have different ideals of manhood. The ideal man of the Christian creed, he who needs the "divine crutch" is such a one who was scourged, washed in vinegar, spat upon, hooted at, hung up between two crucified criminals. The essence of human despair is pictured in such a thought. Turning to the other ideal we see a man, brave and free, standing erect in the consciousness of his own majesty, self-reliant, independent, willing to work for the betterment of earth and the uplifting of the race, making mankind glad with his labor and the earth beautiful with his own skill. Here are the two ideals in sharp contrast. The former degrades and demoralizes. The latter uplifts and ennobles.

"Christianity is the divine crutch of humanity."

Get rid of it, and that as speedily as possible. We do not need it. Humanity needs no crutch. Humanity scorns the charge of mental and moral inferiority. Throw the crutch away, bury it, and learn to walk alone.

BIBLE QUOTATION.

One of the Blade's recent correspondents presented a picture of human conditions, while not unusual, constitute reasons sufficient for serious consideration. He pointed to the use of bible quotations in law courts during criminal trials, and the sudden conversion from infidelity to miracle and myth from which affluence and wealth followed. The correspondent personally requested that his name be withheld from publication if the letter should

be used, on the ground that if it became known in the community in which he lived that he had written such a letter and made such a comment upon the orthodox religion, he would simply be subjected to a "BOYCOT" in the practice of his profession.

"T'is true, t'is pity, and pity t'is, t'is true."

So wrote the old philosopher and so declares the Blade. It is indeed a pity that honest thought must be stifled and honest sentiment suppressed because of the sinister weapon employed by the faithful in Jesus to impel reverence for their superstition. Christianity can no longer kill or torture the body, but it relies upon torturing the mind. Deprive a man of the right to live and you make him the most abject slave. In such communities where the orthodox are in numbers sufficient to control public affairs, the social and business boycott is a ready, willing and effective weapon. Hundreds have quailed before it and hundreds have fallen beneath the burden imposed upon them. It is an argument based upon force where numbers cooperate to crush out one or compel a passive and submissive acquiescence. Because of this systematic wrong-doing thousands have preferred the silver of silence to the golden eloquence. They have preferred to extract the best and say nothing.

There is, however, much to be said upon the use of biblical quotation in public speech. Every plotting demagogue and politician hope to strike a popular chord by some reference to the bible. It is only in backwoods communities where the biblical quotation finds vogue today. In the more enlightened centers there is a marked disuse of scriptural quotation in public oratory, which may arise from the fact that in all such centers the bible is so little read or thought about. Not so many years ago one could find bible references in the daily Congressional Journal in giving the speeches and arguments of members. Today these quotations are lacking and the practical statesman, meaning thereby one who believes in duty rather than playing to public sentiment or passion, no more thinks of quoting the bible than he does to quote from Horace or Virgil, or any of the classics.

The one man who, above all others, indulges in oft and repeated biblical quotation, while making public speeches, is William J. Bryan, and while the Blade can admire his genius as a political leader, respect him for his fearless advocacy of what he believes to be right, it views with contempt his continued use of orthodox phraseology

and so-called religious expressions, which we are compelled to construe as an attempt to cater to the prurient religious prejudices of a considerable portion of the American people. Such quotation is not necessary in Bryan's case. Either his political doctrines are right or they are wrong. If they are right the quoting of the bible gives them no additional strength. If they are wrong the bible does not mend them. With the advancing intelligence of the people simplicity is made the order of the day so far as all public oratory is concerned. This was the secret of Ingersoll's great success on the platform. His monosyllabic phrases and figures of speech brought him in ready rapport with his audiences. The bible is unnecessary as an apparatus to enrich and ornament eloquence. The old tricks are dispensed with and at best the use of biblical quotation can only be regarded as an affection of a culture that did not exist.

In each of the directions herein referred to the religious sentiment is used for the breeding of hypocrisy. Sure sign of inherent weakness. Custom may be responsible for much that is undesirable but when religion can be used to administer punishment upon a man because of his inability to believe and accept, and used with willing heart, and when bible quotation can be used as a refuge against punishment for crime, it is time that both religion and bible were compelled to permanent retirement and saner methods installed.

Reading a complimentary reproduction of the approving comment made concerning the Wage Slave, published at Hancock, Michigan, and edited by A. M. Stirton, by the Blade some weeks ago, that fearless advocate of economic liberty compliments the Blade in the following:—

"Our esteemed contemporary, the Blue Grass Blade, a Freethought weekly, published in Lexington, Ky., is just out in Magazine form. The Blade is a stalwart setter-forth of neglected truths, and we earnestly commend it to our readers.

The Blade has always been a hard hitter, and its pungent Editorials are a delight to read.

It will be doubly attractive in its new dress.

* * * *

According to religious custom god is not acceptable until some priest or preacher has given him an endorsement.

PROPOSED PAINE CENTENARY.

Suggestion That Freethinkers Hold National Meeting in Honor of That Patriot And Revolutionary Hero.

(By James B. Elliott, Secretary.)

I congratulate you upon the new dress of the Blade and hope it will be kept sharp so that it can cut down the weeds of superstition—that you may be able to maintain the high standard of Mr. Chas. Moore. I enclose the programme of our Paine Celebration in this city—you will observe that our speakers have treated this many sided man as—an economist, philosopher, diplomat and inventor. Mr. J. C. Hannon took his text from Daniel Webster's speech as council for the heirs of Stephen Girard, in which he stated that Girard was inspired by the Age of Reason, to found his College. This speech was published by the American Tract Society, 1844. As an antidote for Infidelity—and to show the pernicious influence upon Christian Charity—of the works of Thomas Paine.

The Blade has issued a Paine Number. Next year will be the centenary of Paines' Death, and the Paine Memorial Association wishes to have special Commemorative Services, which will require at least in the United States, 1000 members, and if the Blade and the other papers go to work now we may secure that number. At present Kentucky and many Southern States are not represented on our list as members.—You will observe that our programme contains the very rare portrait of Thomas Paine painted by J. W. Jarvis in 1905, when Paine resided with him—also another portrait—and to make it especially interesting to Blade readers who are interested in Paine—We will send the programme and a blank certificate membership—Containing the portrait of Paine presented to Independence Hall after a 16 year fight with pious bigots.

We will send both of the souvenirs for 25 cents while they last. We will have but a few left.

The City of Toronto has a Chas. Dickens Association with a 1000 members. Where are all the lovers of Thomas Paine?

No mention of Paines name was made at the St. Louis Convention—Yet it was Thomas Paine that recommended the purchase of the Louisiana Territory to President Jefferson.

Miracles come when they are needed. They come not of fraud, but they come of an impassioned credulity which creates what it is determined to find. Given an enthusiastic desire that God should miraculously manifest himself, the religious imagination is never at a loss for facts to prove that he has done so; and in proportion to the magnitude of the interests at stake is the scale of the miraculous interposition.—J. A. Froude.

CHALLENGE TO ORTHODOXY.

Truth More Preferable Than Theory—Defends Position of Mrs. Blivens.

(By Wm. H. Cox)

Having just read Susan J. Peck's reply to Eliza Mowry Blivens' "What is a Materialist" it has amused me. I like her style of argument, yet she does not prove anything. The only thing proven is that P. does not understand B. B. affirms the soul dies with the body. The Materialist thinks the Brain is the Soul and that death levels all. The Brain, this grand power to think that causes the body to act, is the lever, the mainspring of the whole body. Destroy this and you destroy the whole system. Destroy this and Man is an idiot and incapable of a serious thought.

While I am penning these few lines my mind flickers about over the country. I can imagine myself in Cincinnati, Cleveland or St. Louis, and can vividly see things which I have seen in those cities in former times, and yet, I know I am right here at my home and desk. It is this grand mental supremacy of all understanding, this "Gray Matter" which the Materialist considers the Soul. He has no spirit mixed with it for he does not believe there is any such thing, and when the body dies, this Gray Matter, this great power to think, this greatest and most sublime part of the human body—Dies.

What evidence have we on the face of the earth that this is not the truth? I therefore challenge any man or woman in the world to prove by and through absolute demonstration that the Materialist Idea of Death is wrong, and that the Christian theory of Life, after death, is a positive fact. Death is sure and certain. But life after death is only theory. Therefore give me one grain of absolute truth as a whole world of theory.

HONOR TO AN AGED FREETHINKER..

Descriptive Report of the Anniversary Celebration Given to Silas Rockwell by His Friends on His 92d Birthday.

(By Josephine K. Henry.)

The interesting and impressive celebration of the 92d birthday of the venerable and honored Freethinker, Mr. Silas Rockwell, of Covington, Ky., took place at his residence on Garrard avenue, on Sunday, January 26, 1908. The occasion will ever be a happy memory to all who attended. Troops of friends gathered to offer their congratulations and best wishes to the oldest and one of the most valued citizens of Covington, and all felt grateful that he had lived and labored among them, and was yet a living example of mental integrity and moral worth. Fine music enlivened the occasion, a tempting lunch was served, and the

many verbal and written congratulations and those sent by wire to the host attest the estimation in which Mr. Rockwell is held by a legion of friends, who recognize the moral dignity of his character and his sterling qualities and usefulness as a citizen. Among the many congratulations the following lines were sent by the writer.

To Mr. Silas Rockwell, on his 92d birthday.

In our daily walk through this work-a-day world,

We sometimes meet with a man,
Who brings hope and courage to human hearts,

And helps on the way all he can.

And such a man is Silas Rockwell,
Noble, honest and true,
He wears this badge of nobility
The day he is 92.

He has not had time for the gods and the ghosts,

And the mythical creed of the priest,
He has been too busy with the duties of life,
And bringing the captives release.

He has not had time for dogmas and creeds,
He's been chasing away human fears,
He has not had time to worship god,
He's been drying human tears.

And may he live ninety-two thousand years,
To help those on life's weary way,
And play a grand role in the drama of life,
In the world's spectacular play.

So Silas R. we greet you, dear friend,
With gratitude and a smile.
For this world is a bloomin' lot brighter,
Because you've been in it awhile.

THE CRYPTIC CIPHER

Criticism of the Theory Advanced by Rev. Laudenberger on the Gospels.

(By F. B. Hall).

Rev. L. G. Laudenberger, of St. Louis, Mo., in his letter in the Truth Seeker of February 8th, informs us that the gospels are written in a kind of cryptic cipher, a holy trinity style which men with brains fail to understand. This exegetical exponent of divine mysteries fails to explain how learned men can make a key for the solution of the cipher, or how the first man ever solved it. All he has to say is this: "Launch out into the deep and ye shall find." Poetical enough, but another cipher, worse than the first, to explain the direful mystery.

Speaking of John E. Rensburg's criticisms of the Gospels, he says, "From the standpoint which he takes, the merely historical and literal, it cannot be gainsaid that there

are many contradictions and discrepancies. In the light of the spiritual (cipher) meaning of the gospels there are no contradictions, but there is a most beautiful harmony." One has to destroy his conscience mind, and do his thinking with his subconscious or solar plexus to understand such twaddle.

This quotation, if true, proves "that god moves in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform" and we know he put "lying spirits into the mouths of his prophets that Ahab might be damned."

Query, why did not these cipher exegetists find, or know about this cipher centuries, or fifty years ago? Perhaps then it was not as necessary as now to have a loop hole of escape from the fierce onslaughts of the advancing forces of Freethought, which with rapid firing and long range guns are making the old position of the apologist, untenable. "Jesus came to save that which was lost" and then had his message recorded in cipher, so that for 1900 years, his object was unknown, unsolved, and then the phenomenal necromancer appeared, dressed in clerical garb, and solves the cipher.

Think of the billions of souls today writhing in hell, through no fault or act of their own, simply because of a cipher record. What a libel on God or any holy trinity, this dernier resort is.

WHO ARE THE BLASPHEMERS?

The Real Offenders Are They Who Believe In Deity and Insist Upon Blackening His Character.

(By G. W. Foote.)

Atheists are often charged with blasphemy, but it is a crime they cannot commit. God is to them merely a word, expressing all sorts of ideas, and not a person. It is, properly speaking, a general term, which includes all that there is in common among the various deities of the world. The idea of the supernatural embodies itself in a thousand ways. Truth is always simple and the same, but error is infinitely diverse. Jupiter, Jehovah, and Mumbo-Jumbo are alike creations of human fancy, the products of ignorance and wonder. Which is the God is not yet settled. When the sects have decided this point, the question may take a fresh turn; but until then god must be considered as a generic term, like tree or horse or man; with just this difference, however, that while the words tree, horse, and man express the general qualities of visible objects, the word god expresses only the imagined qualities of something that nobody has ever seen.

When the Atheist examines, denounces, or satirises the gods, he is not only dealing with persons but with ideas. He is incapable of insulting God, for he does not admit the existence of any such being.

Ideas of god may be good or bad, beauti-

ful or ugly; and according as he finds them the Atheist treats them. If we lived in Turkey, we should deal with the god of the Koran; but as we live in England, we deal with the god of the Bible. We speak of that god as a being, just for convenience sake, and not from conviction. At bottom, we admit nothing but the mass of contradictory notions between Genesis and Revelation. We attack not a person but a belief, not a being but an idea, not a fact but a fancy.

Lord Brougham long ago pointed out, in his *Life of Voltaire*, that the great French heretic was not guilty of blasphemy, as his enemies alleged; since he had no belief in the actual existence of the god he dissected, analyzed, and laughed at. Mr. Ruskin very eloquently defends Byron from the same charge. In Cain and elsewhere, the great poet does not impeach God; he merely impeaches the orthodox creed. We may sum up the whole matter briefly. No man satirises the God he believes in, and no man believes in the god he satirises.

We shall not, therefore, be deterred by the cry of "blasphemy!" which is exactly what the Jewish priests shouted against Jesus Christ. And as it is better, in the words of Plutarch, to have no notion of the gods than to have notions which asperse them, we are satisfied that the Lord (if he exist) will never burn us in hell for denying a few lies told in his name.

The real blasphemers are those who believe in God and blacken his character; who credit him with less knowledge than a child, and less intelligence than an idiot; who make him quibble, deceive and lie; who represent him as indecent, cruel, and revengeful; who give him the heart of a savage and the brain of a fool. These are the blasphemers.

When the priests steps between husband and wife, with the name of God on his lips, he blasphemes. When, in the name of God, he opposes freedom of thought and liberty of conscience, he blasphemes. When, in the name of God, he robs, tortures, and kills those who differ from him, he blasphemes. When, in the name of God, he opposes the equal rights of all, he blasphemes. When, in the name of God, he preaches content to the poor and oppresses, flatters the rich and powerful, and makes religious tyranny the handmaid of political privilege, he blasphemes. And when he takes the Bible in his hand, and says it was all written by the inspiration of God, he blasphemes almost beyond forgiveness.

Who are the blasphemers? Not we who preach freedom and progress for all men; but those who try to bind the world with chains of dogma, to burden it, in God's name, with all the foul superstitions of its ignorant past.

—London Freethinker.

AS OTHERS SEES US.

Commenting upon orthodoxy and its influence upon the affairs of the American

nation, Alex. M. Thompson writing upon a trip to America, in an article in the *Clarion*, says:—

But President Roosevelt has a long way to go if he means effectively to curb the rights of war and political brigandage exercised by the American Trusts.

Behind the Trusts stand, it would seem, all the "religion" the country possesses. The clergy's bitter hostility to Roosevelt was manifested last Sunday, when fifty disciples of Christ denounced him from their pulpits because the newly-issued gold coin does not bear the former inscription; "In God We Trust." The President probably thought that the Trust God in America needed no advertisement. Those people who get the new coin can see the American God for themselves; the other get no Trust anyhow.

They are merely the slaves and tributaries of the Trusts.

Residing in Dallas, Texas, some years ago, was a Chinese laundryman, by the name of Sam Choi. True to his native cunning and deception Sam had joined the Campbellite church, professing Christianity, as a means of enticing a few extra shirts in his wash-tub. In order to more effectually carry out his plan Sam had obtained possession of a duplicate bible, one page printed in English and the opposite printed in Chinese so that he could learn the text and the lesson. One day a visitor called upon him and discovered him reading the duplicate bible,—

"What have you there?" asked the visitor.

"Leadee bible."

"What part do you read?"

"Lee plodigal soonee."

"How do you like it?"

"Bleautiful storee."

"In what way?"

"Wellee, man havee too bloys. Himee pa say havee soomee mun and lottle bloy takee the mun, goee 'way, havee glood timee. Bloy goee bloke. He goee homee and getee some more mun. Is a bleautiful storee."

THE LAST DESIRE.

When the time comes for me to die,

Tomorrow or some other day,

If God should bid me make reply,

"What would'st thou?" I shall say:

"O God, Thy world was great and fair,

Yet give me to forget it clean,

Nor vex me more with things that were,

And things that might have been!"

"I loved and toiled though ill or well—

Lived certain years and murmured not,

Now grant me in that land to dwell,

Where all things are forgot!"

"For others, Lord, the purging fires,

The loves reknit, the crown, the palm;

For me, the death of all desires,

In everlasting calm." —London Academy.

The Blade's Correspondence

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. ARMORY STEVENS—Your high appreciation of our effort in the Paine issue gives encouragement and cheer.

W. C. DALY—The "stand-patters" on Free-thought just suits us and we wish to see everybody on the same platform. By pushing the Blade as you are doing we will soon get there.

MRS M. E. DAVIS—We console with you in the deep misfortune that has fallen upon you and we can realize your loss. In any event, while we cannot expect too much, yet, every little helps.

W. I. FOX—Thanks for your kind words. You will see that the old writers are back in harness. We want to keep them now.

H. L. HANSON—It pleases us to know that you are pleased. The Paine issue ought to be read everywhere.

KING HARDIE—Thanks for clipping and renewal.

THEOPHILUS PHILOSOPHUS—You will doubtless recognize one of your letters in this column, with few omissions so as to avoid what has been asked.

H. M. FISK—Our letter will explain. MSS. got lost somewhere. We fully appreciate what you say.

THOMAS J. LUSON—Sample copies have been sent to names and addresses given. Thanks.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY—We believe with you that there is much of sentiment connected with the old name and we cannot readily approve of any change. Still, it might be considered.

GEO. L. CASE—Have answered your letter in person.

OTTO THOMPSON—Clippings received. Thanks. We will probably give such information as you desire. Thanks for the inquiry and suggestion.

WILLIAM WELCH—Thanks for list of subscribers. If each subscriber would do as much our circulation would reach 30,000 in a few weeks. Think what that would mean.

A. A. SNOW—Yours received. Thanks for

compliment and for Manuscript. Will use in separate issues. Would appreciate any further efforts in the same direction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Don't Change The Name.

VERSAILLES, KY.—Blade is fine but I want the old name retained. I think it would be worse to change it. It has mastered the storms for over 20 years and I hope the name will not be changed.—JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Heart In Right Place.

ROCKDALE, TEX.—The Blade is alright in her new dress but I don't want its name changed. It seems like as if we have forgotten Mr. Moore to have anything but the Blue Grass Blade. I am trying to get some subscribers but this is such a religious hole I may fail. And times are being hard with us now. My son came home from the army last March. His father died in April, after being sick two years. After settling up doctors bills, drug bills and funeral expenses, we had very little left. And my son has not made five dollars since. There is nothing to do here, but I hope for better times soon and then I can and will do something for the Blade. My will is good if my pocket is empty.

M. E. DAVIS.

An Opinion Of The Blade.

HARVARD, ILL.—Your new form is alright. It is attractive. The style and size of print is most excellent and easy to read, especially for those whose eyes are getting dim with age, and your writers for the Blade are good. Get in Wilson, Kidder, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Closs, and that class as often as possible. They always have something fresh and interesting. Your editorial section is stunning. I generally get into that about the first dash. Find enclosed Postoffice Order for \$1.50 and shove my tub along another lap.—W. I. FOX.

Paine Light Is Needed.

NEW YORK CITY.—The editorial dedication to Thomas Paine on page 8 is a strongly thoughtful article. I think however that had the last short paragraph been omitted that it would carry more weight where prejudice exists and Paine light is needed. While one great mind is worth more to civilization than one million without individuality, still we carry more weight in argument and defend the truth more strongly if we allow full

justice and do not deny to our opponents what is fairly debatable. While schools and lecture halls are fortunately educating higher and more than the Churches, still we must admit that so long as the ignorant and mentally weak are with us that even the restraint of mild superstition and the hollow mysteries of an imaginative creed are better to restrain and guide those classes than a rational creed which they could not understand and would misuse. I had occasion to write some thoughts on those lines. Perhaps I will sometime hunt them up and mail to you, as expressing myself more clearly than I now hurriedly write.

C. AMORY STEVENS.

Praise and Inspiration.

PITTSBURG, PA.—The Paine issue just received, which is truly a lever of mighty intelligence and should be a profound inspiration to every thinking man and woman. "Truth crushed to earth must rise again" is a true adage in the march of civilization, in mearthing of the brightest star that bedecks the emblem of our grand republic. All other heroes of the Revolution appear small when compared with the grandeur, the courage, the foresight, the intense energy and purity of purpose of Thomas Paine. He made it possible for all their heroic names of that conflict to be enrolled in history's page. The true genius of his mind is rapidly emerging from out of the befogged atmosphere of a priest ridden people. Let the good work go on. I like the change of your paper, and with all due respect to its venerable founder, it seems to tingle with logic and eloquence hitherto unknown. All of my Blades have been given out to do second and third hand duty, always with good impression. Herewith are a few names for sample copies.

H. L. HANSON.

Can't Be Beat.

HUNTINGBURG, IND.—Suppose you got my remittance of three fifty, all O. K. Wanted to write you at the time I sent it as to what I thought of the Blade's new dress, but knew if I missed that mail, that the five new subscribers, that I was sending you, might fail to get M. Grier Kidder and Susan J. Pecks contributions.

Now then, as to what I think of the Blade's new dress. Don't believe you could have beaten the selection. Had you hunted and proposed for twenty-eight years, which seems to be about the age of the dear old Blade. But say, had you thought of it? Is this not the first tailor made suit, the Blade ever put on? With the prospect of its old "war horses" coming back, to brace its columns, I must confess, that the Blade certainly does look good to me. I might say, in conclusion, that I am still an Atheist and a Socialist, and I stand pat, on the proposition,—That all

Atheists, when enlightened as to what Socialism brings, are Socialists too.—W. C. DALY.

More Praise For Us.

PELLA IOWA.—Sometime ago I saw an advertisement in the Blade, viz: Organization at Last. I availed myself of the opportunity and annexed myself at once to the Church of Humanity at Great Bend, Kansas. I wrote an appeal to the freethinkers people to join with us and sent it to you for publication. It was at the time when you was so far behind with your work, that I sent the article and I thought perhaps that was why you did not publish it. I like the new dress in which the Blade comes. I love the memory of our old friend C. C. Moore. In fact I love the whole Blade family. Enclosed check for \$1.60, \$1.50 for Blade and 10c for Exchange.

MRS. JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

(Continued from page 2.)

Rationalist has been that of officiating at funerals, where she expounds the reasonable doctrine of the inevitableness of Natural Law in language not cruel but consoling.

In the domain of domesticity this remarkable woman is a refutation of the fanatical fear that the development of women in public work is detrimental to home life. To her, home, has been the heart's heaven, the embodiment of inspiration and her family affections have fortified her against the attacks of antagonistic outsiders.

She is an observant but unostentatious hostess, a popular and pleasing entertainer and her hospitality is whole souled and unstinted and the applicant for relief at the rear door is graciously given consideration without the wordy Christian preliminary of discovering "worthiness." The writer wishes to close this wholly inadequate account of the career of our champion with a word of personal appreciation. It is this:—

If I have accomplished ought in the realm of Rationalism, been instrumental in breaking down the barriers of bigotry, helped humanity to higher ideals, widened the view of Christian woman or given encouragement to my cruelly crucified sisters, I owe the result to the original inspiration found in the Free-Thought writings of Josephine K. Henry, and I am duly grateful that our mental music is written in the same key, and that our thought vibrations flow in the same current.

I lay this leaf of Laurel in the hand of my dear friend and the proffer affords me infinite pleasure.

HUMAN ECCENTRICITIES.

(Continued from page 3.)

Charles V of Germany used to attend his own funeral; his only relaxation from state affairs. Nothing was omitted in the obsequies but a dead corpse. He used to get into a coffin, prayers were said over him, and you

can bet your life the gentleman who preached the funeral sermon handed out the best he had in the shop. With his majesty "playing possum" was a mania; like Paul "God knows he died daily." Now, how long could a fellow in the minority cut up those didoes without clashing with the State insanity expert? The little man with nothing but his eccentricities to invite notice is a human monkey. Any fool can call attention to himself: it is a poor ass whose ears are not in cahoot with his bray. Some folks are so constantly consistent in their natural and artificial idiocy that no one notices them until their affectation assumes the disguise of common sense.

Boswell's antics were as unique as disgusting. His very questions would guarantee the insanity of the common man. Yet, Dr. Johnson is known, first as the man whose life was written by this simpering drunken busy body, second: as—well, Dr. Johnson. Macaulay says Boswell was a great writer because he was a great fool. I know not to what extent folly guarantees literary ability, but, fool or no fool, Boswell accomplished what no other biographer accomplished, from Plutarch to Parton—I never could read his book nor do I know any who could; I am only swearing to what others say. It looks to me as if Macaulay did for the book what he says the book did for Boswell.

RAILWAY MEN, ATTENTION!

If you need a Watch to meet the new requirements of the Railway Service, study well and compare prices of these (18 size) lever-set Watches: HAMPDEN, "Special Railway" 23 jewels, \$26; "NEW RAILWAY," 23 jewels, \$29; "CRESCENT STR." 21 jewels, \$22.50; same, 19 jewels, \$20; "845" new model, 21 jewels, \$16; ELGIN: "Veritas," 23 jewels, \$29; "Father Time, 21 jewels, \$22.50; "B. W. Raymond," 19 jewels, \$20; some, 17 jewels, \$18.50. All the above in 3 or 4 ounce Silverine Screw Case, prepaid, with guarantee that each watch is latest improved of grade specified, new and perfect, and will pass rigid railway inspection. In gold filled cases, guaranteed by manufacturers for 25 years, \$5 more. Have advertised in this paper since first issue.

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The above entitled work in 8 parts and 115 chapters treats of the source, nature and functions of the sub-conscious minus or "cell-souls" (as Prof. Haeckel terms them) which are beginning to be recognized by Biologists, Psychologists and Physiologists as the consciously and intelligently operating factors in the evolution of plant and animal life and to the study of which I have devoted a life-time, condensing my views and observations in the above volume. It is devoid of all metaphysical speculation, and from the mass of scientifically demonstrated facts the reader will draw his own conclusions regarding the tenability of the God and Immortality doctrines.

Mrs. Josephine K. Henry, of Versailles, Ky., President of The Free-thought Federation Of America, writes as follows:

"Received the Synopsis of your book, 'The Teleo-Mechanics of Nature,' and read it with great profit and pleasure. It has opened up great fields of thought to me. I will keep your pamphlet near me; perhaps it will bring more light as I read and ponder. A world groping in darkness needs you. You are certainly a student, scientist and philosopher, and have scored several points against Haeckel that it seems to me cannot be controverted. I truly hope that your book will have a wide circulation in all lands and will be translated into many languages."

Prof. Ernest Haeckel writes:

"My dear Mr. Wettstein. Your treatise in the form of a Synopsis of your book 'The Teleo-Mechanics Of Nature, being a commendable critique of my World-Riddles, has been received and read with great interest. While we differ on a few questions, notably the one relating to the consciousness or unconsciousness of the mind in Nature, I sincerely hope that your masterly efforts will contribute much towards dispelling the obscurity and confusion prevailing in these momentous problems of Science and Philosophy."

With highest esteem, Yours," etc.

Great Combination Offer. A copy of the Synopsis (a large 16 page pamphlet in handsome cover), price 10c; a copy of "Facts Worth Knowing," (containing addresses of Ingersoll, Pentecost and Mrs. Henry), price 15c; and Paine's "Age of Reason," price 25c, (50c value) all sent prepaid on receipt of 25c in stamps or silver. First two books alone for 10c to all mentioning the Blade.

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The International Congress of Freethinkers was held in the City of Rome, Italy, September 21, 1904. The author attended that Congress as the American delegate. It is an account of travel and personal experiences that has received an universal encomium from press and people. In it religious dogmas and tales of priestly fiction are ruthlessly exposed while the general style is without comparison in American literature of travel.

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This article first appeared in the columns of the Blade and Editor Moore and James E. Hughes were indicted by the federal Grand jury at Louisville for sending obscene matter through the mails. The prosecution was dismissed. The article was then republished in the Blade and later put into pamphlet form. Thousands of copies have been sold. It is a useful missionary document. Full of humor and argument.
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